

My Darling Dear

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Summary: When Valka starts to walk back after helping out Gobber in the black smith shop, she stops and gazes into the blue sea where her heart is pulled by the sad memory that still haunts her mind. In remembrance of that memory, she starts to sing "For The Dancing And The Dreaming." A Stalka Fanfic. Warning HTTYD2 Spoilers. Read & Review!

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Valka gazed out into the deep blue ocean one night after helping out Gobber in the black smith shop, the wind caught her long hair and it blew in the air softly. Her eyes moistened at the small little ships she saw sailing across the distance. Reminding her of a painful event that had befallen her not so long ago.

Softly, Valka started to sing:

"\_\*\*My dearest one, my darling dear your mighty words astound me. But I've no need... Of mighty deeds...When I feel your arms around me...\*\*\_"

She could feel the wind begin to warm up as she sang this verse softly in the air, her hair dancing with her words and the soft touch of warmth covering her skin.

It was almost like Stoick was holding her in his arms as she looked out into the sea, and the thought made her smile.

Slowly, she started to dance slowly the same dance that she shared with her husband not so long ago with the warmth of the wind still around her.

"Oh Stoick... I miss you so much my darling dear... So much..." Valka whispered as she finally stopped dancing. A single tear slid down her

cheek.

That's when something happened that really caught her off guard, a gust of wind was so strong that it wiped the tear away from her face and at the same time brought over a soft flower petal from a close flower around her to her lips. Almost like a soft kiss being placed upon her from her Dear husband.

Smiling, Valka turned her head away from the sea and sang again with better vocals:

"\_\*\*My dearest one, my darling dear your mighty words astound me. But I've no need of mighty deeds... When I feel your arms around me...\*\*\_"

After she was done singing, Valka walked back to her house with a heart filled of a mixture of sadness/comfort and warmth in her chest.

Maybe, just maybe. Her Darling Dear had heard her...

End  
file.